
signs of excitation, nor does any of the body betray, by mark or expression, the presence of disease. During the reporter's visit one of the patients disrobed and thoroughly examined the following physicians, who have a deep interest in the cases: Dr. Schfelder, Adler, Kahn and Hebermuth. The patient was a man of moderate size, with muscles well developed, not broad and deep, and gave evidence of being an unusually strong man, so weak was he from the effects of disease that he could hardly turn in bed without assistance. His respiratory powers were weak and fitful, and though in no pain, apparently, the touch of the physician at the muscles seemed to make him wince. The treatment followed by Dr. Hebermuth is of a tonic and supporting kind, but the recovery is in all cases slow and of long duration. The men are of a superior type, being unusually neat and clean in their clothing, and they are highly respected by those who wait upon them, being extremely grateful for anything that is done for them. From what can be ascertained they have been fed on superior food and have been well taken care of; but the weather during their stay in the Orient has been foggy and as well as extremely warm. The physicians, therefore, conclude that climatic influences have much to do with this strange disease.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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He Was With Perry.

FOUND an old man at Put-in-Bay the other day who knew all about Perry, who claimed no little share of credit in the great victory. As we sat on a bench in the shade in front of the Bebee case the old man led off with:

Yes, I knew Commodore Perry. He and I were boys together, and we loved each other. I might have been a Commodore, too, and licked the British, but he tastes all ran to poetry. Perry was a mighty generous man, and if he was going where you are he wouldn't rest until he had asked me to take something.

I took the hint and asked him if I could bring him a glass of water, but he took his head in a solemn way and inquired:

Perry was different from most young fellows. If he went out to hook a melon or catch a trout alone he didn't want to be taken care of. He didn't want to be taken care of by big watch-chains and clothes, and he never got mashed by an actress. He didn't assume a great dignity, but yet he was a hard fellow to work up to when you wanted to borrow five dollars. Did you ask me to go over to the Bazaar, and take a glass of water, or was it the moon of the sea on the shore?"

"Waved" the question by asking if he saw the naval battle off the coast.

"Saw it! Why, I was there!" he instantly replied. "I met the Commodore up at Erie a few days before, and he was going down, but I must take a little trip with him. I remember that he had his arms around me and said: 'Come, my boy, come and sail the briny deep with me, and I'll give you six dollars of liquor to drink.' That's what he said, sir, and I couldn't refuse him. He didn't ask me to go over to the Bazaar, did you?"

"Didn't. I said that he must be a pretty old citizen to have participated in Perry's fight."

"Yes, pretty old," he sighed. "I was seventy-five the tenth day of last month. I'm saying to myself the other day I'd got to quit running out nights with the boys. The fight took place over the water to the left, just over the vine house across Island, and after it was over we went in here and put in the drinks. That's why they call it Put-in-Bay. I was awful dry about this time o' day," he offered to pour some water over him, but he sweetly declined, looked across the rolling bay and said:

"When we caught sight of the British off there, the Commodore left it to whether we should run or fight. The British were against us, but I wanted to have a little fun, and so I advised him to go in. Just as true as you sit there, he said run just as fast you could, but he backed away with his firing boat. I never got any credit for it, but I never did."

"An American citizen should have no praise for doing his duty. That's the kind of a Dutch oven I am. I never drink wine, do you?"

"Told him I never did except on holidays; and after he had counted up the thanks to Thanksgiving, he dreamily inquired:

"Perry wanted me to take command of the ship, but I refused. I wanted to be left to do a little shooting on my own account. As soon as I gave the word to go down on the British, and the fight began. Perry was as white as a sheet; and this American nation can't be so thankful that I was there to save his skin up. It was just about such a time as that, to-day, and I was just about as dry as I am now. You haven't a drop about you, eh?"

"Assured him that I hadn't had a drop in my pocket for over six months, he wiped away a tear of sympathy, and went on:

"I tell you, Smith's hair stood up when he saw us coming down on him!"

"Smith?"

"Yes, Smith, the commander of the British fleet. Guess you never read up the fight, did you? We didn't give him no chance to buy us off, but slammed away as fast as we could load and fire, and you know the result. When the fight was over and Perry realized his good fortune he threw his arms around me and cried like a child. Yes, he cried like a child, and then we took a drink. Couldn't you stand the Bazaar off for a couple of inebriates?"

"Couldn't. I was a stranger and I didn't drink. Then I asked him about his famous dispatch: 'We have met our enemy and they are ours.'"

"All bosh—every word bosh," he replied. "I was the bearer of that dispatch myself, and I was leaning on Perry's shoulder when he wrote it. It read follows: 'I have licked Smith out of the boys, and whatever the Bazaar is to drink can be charged to my account.' That's it, word for word, never carry a bottle with you, eh?"

"Gave him my neuralgia remedy, but he threw it after me and hit me in the eye after taking one swallow. I don't think it to be suspicious of human nature, yet I believe that old man wasn't exactly what he ought to be.—*M. Quad, Detroit Free Press.*